



AN ELEGY,

Upon the DEATH of
Monsieur St. RUTH

THE
French King's General in IRELAND,

Who was Kill'd at the Battel of *Aggrim*, July 12. 1691.

By Teague O Dively Chaplain in Ordinary to the Irish Army.

ST. Ruth is Dead! is Dead! Yes, by my Shoul,
And we will make the Irish Cry and Houl;
We'll Houl so loud, and make so great a do,
The Devils shall wonder at our *Hubbaboo*.
By all the *Shaints* in Heaven, Earth, Sea and Hell,
I can no longer my Sad-Griefs conceal;
But all the World in *Blubb'ring* Tears must know,
How many Sighs to Dear St. Ruth I owe:
Dear Shoul (Plague take thee) Prithee why did'st Dye,
And go to Heaven without my Company?
Faith 'twas unkindly done, and like an Ass,
I fear *Shaint Peter* won't accept thy Pass;
He's an Old Surly Shaint, *Dear Joy*, and knows
Cuckows from Nightingals, and Doves from Crows.
With me thou would'st not have been disappointed,
I and *Shaint Peter* have been long acquainted;
If thou'rt in Hell, and dost not fare no better,
Prithee *Joy* be so kind and send a Letter:
Merits like thine do surely Merit Glory,
At best I'll fancy thou'rt in *Purgatory*;
I in those *Humhums* have a many Friends,
Who love me dearly for their proper ends:
There they may lye like poor contented Asses,
Unless their Friends on Earth will pay for Masses.
And, a Plague take 'em, they are all so poor,
They hardly find me Pence to keep my Whore:
Tell 'em they must not abs'lutely Dispair,
I now and then afford 'em a *short Prayer*;
But 'tis, *Shaint Patrick* knows, 'tis very true,
When I have very little else to do.
But *Joy*, I'll put the *Shaints* in mind of thee,
They will not sure be Deaf Dear *Crum a Cree*.
But above all the num'rous *Shaints* that be,
The Female *Shaints* were best belov'd by thee,
For when all day thou hadst in Blood-shed been in,
I know at night thou would'st be Folding Linnin;
The Female *Shaints* shall get thee from that *Hell-house*,
Like Maids who Marry Fellows under Gallows.
Matters, *Dear Joy*, have gone but very ill,
Since *Sawcy Buller* made on thee the Kill:

The English *Hereticks* now stir their Stumps,
And boldly vapour they have turn'd up Trumps:
Wer't thou alive things thus would not be standing,
Thou d'st Cut their Throats t'inform their Understanding;
With *Hugonots* in France thou took'st great pains,
T'instruct their Minds by knocking out their Brains;
The French will surely at a Non-plus be,
Loosing Great *Lovois*, and much Greater Thee;
You both did France's Glory long uphold,
You by your Sword, and t'other by his Gold.

But all things now are, must come to sad mishap,
Children must Starve who want both Nurse and Pap.
Whoo! By my Shoul Drums beat, and by my Truth
The *Hereticks* are come---Good night St. Ruth.

His EPITAPH.

Here lyes the Corps of Bold St. Ruth,
A Champion for the Roman Truth;
He was, let Folks say what they list,
As Tite a Lad as ever Pist,
And many did to Faith Convert,
By Halts and Dragooning Art;
But now to Lonesome Shades he's gone,
And left us all Poor Teagues alone.
But yet 'tis fear'd his boisterous Gallick Fury,
Will make that Hell which was but Purgatory.

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